

THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. 1.]

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 28, 1808.

[NO. 15.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
We hither bring.

[SELECTED.]

Considerations

ON THE NATURE OF MAN.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

But farther. The great Creator has made us an invaluable present of the senses, to be the inlets of innumerable pleasures, and the means of the most valuable advantages.

The eye, in its elevated station, commands the most enlarged prospects. Consisting only of fluids inclosed with coats, it shews us all the graces and glories of nature. How wonderful, that an image of the hugest mountains, and the widest landscapes should enter the small pupil! that the rays of light should paint on the optic nerve, paint in an instant of time, paint in their truest colours and exactest lineaments, every species of external objects!

The eye is so tender, that the slightest touch might injure its delicate frame. It is guarded therefore with peculiar care, intrenched deep and barricaded round with bones. As the smallest fly might incommode its polished surface, it is far-her protected by two substantial curtains. In sleep, when there is no occasion for the sense, but a necessity to guard the organ, these curtains close of their own accord. At any time they fly together as quick as thought. They are lined with an extremely fine sponge, moist with its own dew. Its bristly palisades keep out the least mote, and moderate the too strong impressions of the light.

As in our waking hours we have almost incessant need for these little orbs, they run upon the finest castors, rolling every way with the utmost ease; which circumstance, added to the flexibility of the neck, renders our two eyes as useful as a thousand.

The ear consists of an outward porch and inner rooms. The porch, somewhat prominent from the head, is of a cartilaginous substance, covered with tight membranes, and wrought into sinuous cavities. These, like circling hills, collect the wandering undulations of the air, and transmit them with a vigorous impulse, to the finely stretched membrane of the drum. This is expanded upon a circle of bones, over a polished reverberating cavity. It is furnished with braces that strain or relax, as the sound is faint or strong. The hammer and the anvil, the winding labyrinth, and the sounding galleries these and other pieces of mechanism, all instrumental to hearing, are inexpressibly curious.

Amazingly exact must be the tension of the auditory nerves, since they answer the smallest tremors of the atmosphere, and distinguish their most subtle variations. These living chords, tuned by an Almighty hand, and spread through the echoing isles, receive all the impressions of sound, and propagate them to the brain. These give existence to the charms of music, and the still nobler charms of discourse.

The eye is useless amidst the gloom of night. But the ear hears through the darkest medium. The eye is on duty only in our waking hours: but the ear is always accessible.

As there are concussions of the air, which are discernible only by the instruments of hearing, so there are odoriferous particles wafted in the air, which are perceivable only by the smell. The nostrils are wide at the bottom, that more effluvia may enter, narrow at the top, that, when entered, they may act more strongly. The steams that exhale from fragrant bodies, are fine beyond imagination. Microscopes that

shew thousands of animals in a drop of water, cannot bring one of these to our sight. Yet so judiciously are the olfactory nets set, that they catch the vanishing fugitives. They imbibe all the roaming perfumes of spring, and make us a banquet even on the invisible dainties of nature.

Another capacity for pleasure our bountiful Creator has bestowed, by granting us the powers of taste. This is circumstanced in a manner so benign and wise, as to be a standing plea for temperance, which sets the finest edge on the taste, and adds the most poignant relish to its enjoyments.

And these senses are not only so many sources of delight, but a joint security to our health. They are the inspectors that examine our food, and enquire into the properties of it. For the discharge of this office they are excellently qualified, and most commodiously situated. So that nothing can gain admission, till it has past their scrutiny.

To all these, as a most necessary supplement, is added the sense of Feeling. And how happily is it tempered between the two extremes, neither too acute, nor too obtuse! Indeed all the senses are adapted to the exigencies of our present state. Were they strained much higher, they would be avenues of anguish, were they much relax, they would be well nigh useless.

The crowning gift which augments the benefits accruing from all the senses, is speech.—Speech makes me a gainer by the eyes and ears of others; by their ideas and observations. And what an admirable instrument for articulating the voice, and modifying it into speech, is the tongue? This little collection of muscular fibres, under the direction of the Creator, is the artifice of our words. By this we communicate the secrets of our breasts, and make our very thoughts audible. This is the efficient cause of music; it is soft as the lute, or shrill as the trumpet. As the tongue requires an easy play, it is lodged in an ample cavity. It moves under a concave roof, which gives additional vigour to the voice, as the shell of a violin to the sound of the strings.

Wonderfully wise is the regulation of voluntary and involuntary motions. The will in some cases has no power; in others she is an absolute sovereign. If she command, the arm is stretched, the hand closed. How easily, how punctually are her orders obeyed! To turn the screw, or work the lever, is laborious and wearisome. But we work the vertebrae of the neck, with all their appendant chambers: we advance the leg with the whole incumbent body; we rise, we spring from the ground, and though so great a weight is raised, we meet with no difficulty or fatigue.

That all this should be effected without any toil, by a bare act of the will, is very surprising. But that it should be done, even while we are entirely ignorant of the manner in which it is performed, is most astonishing! Who can play a single tune upon the spinet, without learning the differences of the keys? Yet the mind touches

every spring of the human machine, with the most masterly skill, though she knows nothing at all of the nature of her instrument, or the process of her operations.

The eye of a rustic, who has no notion of optics, or any of its laws, shall lengthen and shorten its axis, dilate and contract its pupil, without the least hesitation, and with the utmost propriety: exactly adapting itself to the particular distance of objects, and the different degrees of light. By this means it performs some of the most curious experiments in the Newtonian philosophy, without the least knowledge of the science, or consciousness of its own dexterity!

Which shall we admire most, the multitude of organs; their finished form and faultless order; or the power, which the soul exercises over them? Ten thousand reins are put into her hands: and she manages all, conducts all, without the least perplexity or irregularity. Rather with a promptitude, a consistency, and speed, that nothing can equal!

So fearfully and wonderfully are we made! Made of such complicated parts, each so nicely fashioned, and all so exactly arranged; every one executing such curious functions, and many of them operating in so mysterious a manner! And since health depends on such a numerous assemblage of moving organs; since a single secretion stopped may spoil the temperature of the fluid, a single wheel clogged may put an end to the solids: with what holy fear should we pass the time of our sojourning here below! Trusting for continual preservation, not merely to our own care, but to the Almighty Hand, which formed the admirable machine, directs its agency, and supports its being!

This is an ingenious description of the casket, it is fit we should attend to the jewel it contains. If the House is so curiously and wonderfully made by the allwise Architect, what may we not expect the inhabitant to be!

Know'st thou th' importance of a soul immortal?

Behold the midnight glory: worlds on worlds!

Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;

Ten thousand add, and twice ten thousand more;

Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all,

And calls th' astonishing magnificence

Of unintelligent creation poor.

YOUNG,

The reasoning of Mr. Addison on this subject is very flattering to human nature, and deserves the serious consideration of every intelligent Being. The perpetual progress of the soul, says that elegant writer, to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it, seems to me to carry a great weight with it for the immortality thereof. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few

years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvement, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

—Heres,
Heredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.
HORACE. Ep. 2.

—Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
Wave urges wave. CREECH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity.

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity: that she will still be adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition that is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks, this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior nature, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a god to a human soul, knows very well, that a period will come about

in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may be drawn nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness.

DETRACTION A DETESTABLE VICE.

IT has been remarked, that men are kind in proportion as they are happy; and it is said, even of the devil, that he is good-humoured when he is pleased. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt and expresses greater malignity, if it is committed in those seasons which are set apart to pleasantry and good humour, and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and social beings. Detraction is among those vices which the most languid virtue has sufficient force to prevent; because by detraction that is not gained which is taken away. "He who fitches from me my good name," says Shakespeare "enriches not himself, but makes me poor indeed." As nothing therefore degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more disgraces conversation. The detractor, as he is the lowest moral character, reflects greater dishonour upon his company, than the hangman; and he whose disposition is a scandal to his species, should be more diligently avoided, than he who is scandalous only by his offence.

But for this practice, however vile, some have dared to apologize, by contending the report by which they injured an absent character, was true: this, however, amounts to no more than that they have not complicated malice with falsehood, and that there is some difference between detraction and slander. To relate all the ill that is true of the best man in the world, would probably render him the object of suspicion and distrust; and was this practice universal, mutual confidence and esteem, the comforts of society, and the endearments of friendship, would be at an end.

There is something unspeakably more hateful in those species of villany by which the law is evaded, than those by which it is violated and defiled. Courage has sometimes preserved rapacity from abhorrence, as beauty has been thought to apologize for prostitution; but the injustice of cowardice is universally abhorred, and, like the lewdness of deformity, has no advocate. Thus hateful are the wretches who de-

tract with caution, and while they perpetrate the wrong, are solicitous to avoid the reproach.—They do not say, that Chloe forfeited her honour to Lysander; but they say, that such a report has been spread, they know not how true. Those who propagate these reports, frequently invent them; and it is no breach of charity to suppose this to be always the case; because no man who spreads detraction would have scrupled to produce it: and he who should diffuse poison in a brook, would scarce be acquitted of a malicious design, though he should alledge, that he received it of another who is doing the same elsewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the highest dignity of our nature, should indeed be excluded from our conversation: as companions, not only that which we owe to ourselves but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the presence of each other, are become obdurate in guilt, and insensibly to infamy. Johnson.

DELICACY CONSTITUTIONAL, & OFTEN DANGEROUS.

SOME people are subject to a certain delicacy of passion, which makes them extremely sensible to all the accidents of life, and gives them a lively joy upon every prosperous event, as well as piercing grief when they meet with crosses and adversity. Favours and good offices easily engage their friendship, while the smallest injury provokes their resentment. Any honour or mark of distinction elevates them above measure; but they are as sensibly touched with contempt. People of this character have, no doubt, much more lively enjoyments, as well as more pungent sorrows, than men of cool and sedate tempers: but I believe, when every thing is balanced, there is no one who would not rather chuse to be of the latter character, were he entirely master of his own disposition. Good or ill fortune is very little at our own disposal: and when a person who has this sensibility of temper meets with any misfortune, his sorrow of resentment takes entire possession of him, and deprives him of all relish in the common occurrences of life; the right enjoyment of which forms the greatest part of our happiness. Great pleasures are much less frequent than great pains; so that a sensible temper cannot meet with fewer trials in the former way than in the latter: not to mention, that men of such lively passions are apt to be transported beyond all bounds of prudence and discretion, and to take false steps in the conduct of life, which are often irretrievable.

Hume.

Dean Swift having preached an assize sermon in Ireland, was afterwards invited to dine with the Judges, and having in his discourse considered the use and abuse of the law, he had borne hard upon those counsellors who plead causes which they knew in their consciences to be wrong; when dinner was over and the glass began to go round, a young barrister, who happened to be present, took occasion to retort upon the dean, and after many altercations on both sides, the counsellor at last asked him, if the devil were to die, whether a parson might not be found for money, to preach his funeral sermon? Yes, said Swift, and I would gladly be the man; for I would then give the devil his due, as I have this day his children.

Instance of Turkish Justice.

A GROCER of the city of Smyrna, had a son, who, with the help of the little learning the country could afford, rose to the post of naib, or deputy of the Cadi, or mayor of the city, and as such visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all retail dealers. One day, as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbours, who knew enough of his father's character to suspect that he might stand in need of the caution, advised him to move his weights for fear of the worst: but the old cheat depending on his relation to the inspector, and sure, as he thought, that his son would not expose him to a public affront, laughed at their advice, and stood very calmly at his shop-door, waiting for his coming. The naib however was well assured of the dishonesty and unfair dealing of his father, and resolved to detect his villainy and make an example of him: Accordingly, he stopt at the door, and said coolly to him, "Good man, fetch out your weights, that we may examine them." Instead of obeying, the grocer would fain have put it off with a laugh, but was soon convinced his son was serious, by hearing him order the officers to search his shop, and seeing them produce the instruments of his fraud, which, after an impartial examination, were openly condemned and broken to pieces. His shame and confusion, however, he hoped would plead with a son to excuse him all further punishment of his crime; but even this, though entirely arbitrary, the naib made as severe as for the most indifferent offender, for he sentenced him to a fine of fifty piastres, and to receive a bastinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet. All this was executed upon the spot, after which the naib leaping from his horse, threw himself at his feet, and watering them with his tears, addressed him thus: "Father I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, my country, and my station; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to acquit the debt I owe a parent. Justice is blind, it is the power of God on earth, it has no regard to father or son, God and our neighbour's right are above the ties of nature, you had offended against the laws of justice, you deserved this punishment; you would in the end have received it from some other. I am sorry it was your fate to have received it from me, my conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise: behave better for the future, and instead of blaming, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity." This done he mounted his horse again, and then continued his journey, amidst the acclamations and praises of the whole city, for so extraordinary a piece of justice; report of which being made to the Sublime Porte, the sultan advanced him to the post of cadi; from whence by degrees, he rose to the dignity of musti, who is the head of both religion and law among the Turks. Were our dealers in small weights to be dealt with according to the Turkish law, the poor might not be so much imposed upon as they are now.

HUMANITY.

WHEN Thurot affected a landing in Ireland, in the seven years war, while the French and English troops were engaging in the streets of Carrickfergus, a young child got between the combatants; which a French soldier observing, quitted his rank, and led it out of danger; and while he was employed in this humane action; both parties suspended their fires.

Singular prowess of a Woman.

MADAME the countess of Saint Belmont, descended of a very good family in Lorrain, had joined to the fierceness of a military man, the modesty of a christian woman. The small-pox had a little spoiled her beauty, but this extraordinary woman was much pleased at being marked with it, saying she should thereby be more man-like; and, indeed, she seemed to have a natural propensity to indulge herself in manly exercises. The count de Saint Belmont, whom she had married, was no way inferior to her in birth or merit: they lived together in perfect harmony. The count having been obliged to attend the duke of Lorrain in his wars, Madame de Saint Belmont, during his absence, thought proper to retire into the country. An officer in the cavalry, taking up his quarters on her estate, had been guilty of several excesses. With great politeness she sent remonstrances to him against his behaviour, and on his disregarding them, she determined to bring him to reason, in a billet to him, signed Le Chevalier, de Saint Belmont; which contained a challenge. He accepted it and repaired to the place. The countess waited his coming in the apparel of a man. They fought, and she had the advantage over him. After having disarmed her adversary, she said, gallantly to him, "You believe, sir, you have been fighting with the Chevalier de Saint Belmont, but Madame de Saint Belmont returns your sword to you, and wishes you would, for the future have more consideration for a lady's request." With these words she left him full of shame and confusion. He absented himself immediately, and was never seen afterwards in the country.

On the respect paid by the LACEDÆMONIANS and ATHENIANS to Old Age.

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat: the good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited; the jest was, to sit close and expose him as he stood, out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on these occasions, there were also particular places assigned for foreigners: when the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedæmonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and, with the greatest respect, received him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue, and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedæmonians practice it."

Spectator.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, most mischievous.

FOR THE LITERARY MIRROR.

MR. EDITOR.

Knowing you to be an admirer of this species of poetry, and thinking it will be acceptable to every reader of feeling, I enclose you a pathetic narration of an interesting fact, which occurred last winter, in the city of Washington. It was written at the entrance of the east wing of the Capitol, by an unknown author; and had the happy effect of exciting a very general interest in the story of "The Apple Girl."

The Apple Girl.

I'M a poor little girl, the child of a Tar;
With scarce any shoes the cold to repel;
My head is uncover'd, my bosom all bare,
And I wander about, crying apples to sell:
Here's apples to sell.

Oh, stretch forth your hand, and a pittance bestow;
Nor from shelter a poor little Orphan expel,
Who pinch'd by the cold—for deep is the snow;
Has wander'd all day, crying apples to sell!
Here's apples to sell.

If ever thy heart was o'erburden'd with care;
If want e'er the days of thy childhood befel;
Oh, pity the poor little child of a Tar,
Who for raiment and food cries apples to sell!
Here's apples to sell.

No mother I have; my father is gone;
In defence of his country he gallantly fell;
And I his fond child, to poverty born,
Now wander the streets, and cry apples to sell!
Here's apples to sell.

Thus in plaints sadly wild, mourn'd the poor little child;
On the loud sighing gale did her murmurings swell;
Till Hope's sweet delusion her sorrows beguill'd,
And she sang more contented, here's apples to sell;
Here's apples to sell.

When a Sailor, whose heart was alive to her grief,
While he urg'd her again her sad story to tell,
And extended his arms to afford her relief,
Found a child in the girl, who cry'd apples to sell!

From war just return'd, with a plentiful store;
He intended by stealth his wife to surprize:
But alas! his fond wife was living no more!
The cottage forsaken—he vainly applies.

He lifts up the latch—the door he finds fast—
O Mary! he cries; but vain was his cry:
Her name pass'd away with the bleak chilly blast;
He paus'd—while his bosom gave birth to a sigh!

Forbid it, oh Heav'n! he mournfully said,
That my wife and my child—scarce more could he speak;
Unregarded by wealth, should beg for their bread—
He faulted—he wip'd the big tear from his cheek!

The snow fell in sheets, the tempest blew sore;
The winds o'er the waste seem'd in murmurs to mourn;
To sigh as they pass'd, thy wife is no more!
No child is within, to greet thy return!

Grief rose in his bosom, and urg'd him away;
Yet oft would he stop his lone cottage to view;
Again, and again, the spot would survey,
Where last he had bidden his Mary adieu.

Till he heard the wild plaints of an Orphan unknown,
Who, in language of want, a stranger address'd;
He extended his arms—when a child of his own,
Was clasp'd in a transport of joy to his breast!

CRITICISM.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

A Turkish Ode. MESIHI.

So strong is the taste for poetry, among the Turks, and so numerous are those who have indulged in the exercise of their talents for this species of composition, that, about the middle of the century which has lately closed, there was published in Constantinople a collection of the works of five hundred and nine poets, ranking as classics in the language. Among the names of these, that of Mesihî is honoured with a very distinguished place.—One of his numerous odes has been given to us in four different forms, by the pen of Sir William Jones. 1. He has transcribed it in the Roman character; 2. Translated it into English prose; 3. Imitated it in English verse; and 4. He has imitated it in Latin verse, on the model of the *PERVIGILIUM VENERIS*.

Sir William prefixes the following remarks: 'The Turkish Ode on the Spring was selected from many others in the same language, written by Mesihî, a poet of great repute at Constantinople, who lived in the reign of Soliman the Second, or the Law-Giver: it is not unlike the Vigil of Venus, which has been ascribed to Catullus: the measure of it is nearly the same with that of the Latin poem; and it has, like that, a lively burden at the end of every stanza: the works of Mesihî are preserved in the archives of the Royal Society.'

DDC.

A LITERAL VERSION.

Thou hearest the tale of the Nightingale, "That the vernal season approaches." The Spring has spread a bower of joy in every grove, where the almond-tree sheds its silver blossoms. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away; it will not last.

The groves and hills are again adorned with all sorts of flowers; a pavilion of roses, as the seat of pleasures, is raised in the garden. Who knows which of us shall be alive when the fair season ends? Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

The edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed; among the plants, the fortunate tulips represent his companions. Come, O people of Mohammed, this is the season of merriment! Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

Again the dew glitters on the leaves of the lily, like the water of a bright cimeter. The dew-drops fall through the air on the garden of roses. Listen to me, listen to me, if thou desirest to be delighted! Be cheerful, be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

The roses and tulips are like the bright cheeks of beautiful maids, in whose ears the pearls hang like drops of dew. Deceive not thyself by thinking these charms will have a long duration! Be cheerful, be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

Tulips, roses, and anemonies, appear in the gardens: the showers and the sunbeams, like sharp lancets, tinge the banks with the colour of blood. Spend this day agreeably with thy friends, like a prudent man. Be cheerful: be full of mirth; for Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

The time is past in which the plants were sick and the rosebud hung its thoughtful head on its bosom. The season comes in which mountains and rocks are covered with tulips! Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

Each morning the clouds shed gems over the rose-garden: the breath of the gale is full of Tartarian musk. Be not neglectful of thy duty through too great a love of the world! Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

The sweetness of the bower has made the air so fragrant, that the dew, before it falls, is changed into rose-water. The sky spreads a pavilion of bright

clouds over the garden. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

Whoever thou art, know that the black gusts of autumn had seized the garden; but the King of the world again appeared, dispensing justice to all: in his reign, the happy cupbearer desired and obtained the flowing wine. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

By these strains, I hoped to celebrate this delightful valley: may they be a memorial to its inhabitants, and remind them of this assembly, and these fair maids! Thou art a nightingale with a sweet voice, O Mesihî, when thou walkest with the damsels whose cheeks are like roses! Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

THE SAME.

A Metrical Version.

Hear, how the nightingales, of ev'ry spray,
Hail in wild notes the sweet return of May!
The gale, that o'er yon waving almond blows,
The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows:
The smiling season decks each flow'ry glade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade!

What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air;
Hills, dales, and woods their loveliest mantles wear,
Who knows what cares await that fatal day,
When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May?
E'en death, perhaps, our vallies will invade.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade!

The tulip now its varied hue displays,
And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays,
Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,
The joys of youth, while May invites pursue!
Will not these notes your tim'rous minds persuade?
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade!

The sparkling dew-drops o'er the lilies play,
Like orient pearl, or like the beams of day!
If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,
Attend, ye nymphs (a poet's words are sage!)
While thus ye sit beneath the trembling shade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The fresh-blown rose like Teneib's cheek appears,
When pearls, like dew-drops, glitter in her ears,
The charms of youth at once are seen and past:
And Nature says, 'they are too sweet to last.'
So blooms the rose, and so the blushing maid!
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade!

See yon anemonies their leaves unfold,
With rubies flaming, and with living gold!
While chrystal showers from weeping clouds descend,
Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend.
Now while the wines are brought; the sofa's lay'd,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade!

The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead;
No more the rose-bud hangs its pensive head:
The shrubs revive in vallies, woods and bowers,
And every stalk is diadem'd with flowers;
In silken robes each hillock stands array'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade!

Clear drops each morn impearl the rose's bloom,
And from its leaf the zephyr drinks perfume;
The dewy buds expand their lucid store:
Be this our wealth: ye damsels, ask no more!
Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade

The dew-drops, sprinkled by the musky gale,
Are chang'd to essence ere they reach the dale,
The mild blue sky, a rich pavilion spreads,
Without our labour, o'er our favour'd heads.
Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade!

Late, gloomy Winter, chill'd the sullen air,
Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.
Soft in his reign the notes of love resound,
And Pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.
Here on the bank, which mantling vines o'er shade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade!

May this rude lay from age to age remain,
A true memorial of this lovely train—
Come, charming maid, and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the rose, and he the bird of Spring!
Love bids him sing: and Love will be obey'd!
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade!

"MALVINA" is received and shall appear.

Letter-Press Printing,

IN ALL ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES,

EXECUTED WITH

Neatness, Accuracy, and Dispatch;

BY

S. SEWALL,

AT THE MIRROR PRINTING OFFICE,

Opposite the Brick Market, Court-street,
PORTSMOUTH.*BLANKS, BILLS, CARDS, &c.*

PRINTED AT SHORT NOTICE.

Cabinet-Making.

JUDKINS & SENTER,

Respectfully inform the public that they have taken the shop directly over Mr. N. B. March's saddlery shop, nearly opposite the Post-Office, Broad street, where they intend carrying on the

Cabinet Making Business

IN ALL ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES.

All orders punctually attended to, and the smallest favors gratefully acknowledged.

FOR SALE,

A good handsome CHAISE,

Suitable for family use. Apply to
HENRY CATE, near the Bath House.

TERMS OF THE MIRROR.

Two dollars per annum, exclusive of postage.
To subscribers at a distance one half in advance will be expected.

One column will be devoted to advertisements.
All communications addressed to the Editor of the Mirror are requested to be post paid or they will not meet with attention.

